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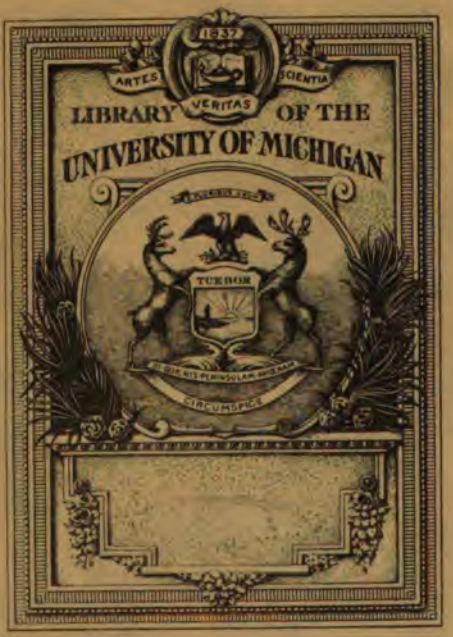

NON
CIRCULATING

MORALIST:

828
B8805mm

OR, A

SATYR

UPON THE

SECTS.

SHEWING

Some Diſputing Paſſages by way of DIALOGUE, between a Well-Principled LAY-MAN, and a Profeſſor of THEOLOGY.

With Reflections upon ſome Modern Writings and Actions, particularly the late Abſconding of a certain B——.

By the Author of the Weeſils.

LONDON,

Printed in the Year, MDCXCI.

828
R88

THE MORALIST.

The Argument of the First Section.

The Paſtor proves his Caſe to good,
The Reaſons ſeem too ſtrong to fail;
The Moraliſt declares they ſhould
Be plainer ſhown, or not at all.

SECTION I.

Paſtor. OF all good works that tend to Heavenly Reſt,
And Peace of Souls, Inſtruction is the beſt.
And Writing was by Providence deſign'd,
That Bleſſing to diſtribute to Mankind.
Thus none of Ignorance can fairly plead,
Since thoſe that cannot hear the Truth, may read;
And if in Childhood are in Letters bred,
The Law's ſo plain it needs muſt be diſcern'd.

Mor. The Laws of Truth we know ſhould all be plain,
No Impious Fallacy diſturb the Brain;
But be in th' Boſom of the Prieſthood worn,
Naked and Innocent, as Babes new born.

Church-Writers ſhould be Juſt too in their Station,
And Virtue teach without Prevarication.
The Golden Robe ne're ſhould for pompous ſhow,
But Sacrifice, before the Altar Bow;
Pride ſhould be routed, Avarice expell'd,
Symony ſcorn'd, and Luſt of Greatneſs kill'd:
And when all this your Work Divine we ſee,
You may pretend t'Inſtruct the World and Me.

Paſtor. Earths dazling Joys, alas, your Reaſon blinds,
Inſtruction is not proper for all Minds,
Thiſtles and Weeds upon the Soyl are grown,
Your Garden muſt be dug before 'tis ſown.
You, that with ſhallow Sophiſtry withſtood
Thoſe Tenets I late offer'd for your good,
Can never of much Fertile Judgment boaſt,
And ſo by conſequence Inſtruction's loſt;
My Reaſons elſe had ſatisfied your doubt:

Moral. What Sir, before you make your Reaſons out?
The World was ill-contented with your firſt,
And to attone, your ſecond are your worſt.
Thus you, like Horſes floundring in the Mire,
By ſtrugling are leſs able to retire:
For till your Reaſons can th' Magick Fiſe,
Our Underſtandings Charm, and Seal our Eyes;
Till by your Art you can our Senſes win,
To think all Dreams that we have heard and ſeen,
Some wiſe Obſervers will (you need not doubt)
Detect, and make your Contradictions out.

Paſt. Thoſe Contradictions which you think extream,
Were only Doctrine on a different Theme,
Which Duty, and a tender Conſcience too,
Oblig'd me at their different times to do.
Thus tho in former days the Throne was plain,
'Tis wiſely alter'd in the preſent Reign.
Allegiance now muſt guide us what to do,

Moral. So Reaſon then muſt not be Reaſon now;

Be-

Becauſe the Heavens have ſent another K——
The Church of *England* is not the ſame thing,
But muſt her Tenets change in every Caſe,
To get her Son a Title, and a Place:
This is your Theme, your Zeal too ſprings from hence,
More than your great Allegiance to your Prince.
Paſt. You might an Inference more Juſt have choſe,
Nor ought to draw Concluſions from Suppoſe,
Which ſince all falſe——an obvious proof muſt be,
Of your abſurd defect in Loyalty.
Did you your Monarch's Cauſe and Country's take,
You'd then believe I ſwore for Conſcience-ſake.
Moral. No more than I believe at the Church-door,
All that is gather'd, given to the Poor,
And yet with humble heart, and Soul ſincere,
The Eaſie Yoke I, of Subjection wear.
Still wiſh our Soveraign's Glory more ſublime,
And that his happy days may out-laſt Time.
My Country too I wiſh a happy Chance,
And to Crown all, a Conqueſt over *France*.
Nor do I in deſpite, or mov'd with Spleen,
Againſt your Reverend Order uſe my Pen;
In baſe Contempt, or as by Hell inſpir'd,
To make your Sacred Function leſs admir'd;
But only Rally what I read of late,
And which you ſince ſo weakly *vindicate*.
And as it is your Province to Expoſe,
And Swinge our Vices with Spiritual Blows:
To laſh the Atheiſt for his Non-adoring,
And the whole Town for Drinking and for Whoring.
So where I find a Hypocrite in Black,
That does not his own Preaching Councel take,
Neglecting Duty, Idly waſt the day
Amongſt the Sons of Vice in Wine and Play;
Or if I find out one that in pretence
Of Doctrin, ſhall Impoſe upon my Senſe;

Help'd by Fallacious Arguments, make you
Things that are false, and leave my Soul in doubt;
Affirm found Syſtems of Divinity,
And e're three years are paſt the ſame deny;
Only to ſuch its Rage my Satyr ſhows,
To all the reſt with humbleſt Duty bows.

Paſt. Through the thin Veil of your Diſcourſe I ſee,
That you particularly aim at me.
My Conſcience is the Butt at which you ſhoot,
And my late Writings urge you to Diſpute.
Poſſeſt with Malice which the Crowd does ſway,
You Cry me down before my Cauſe you weigh.
My Reaſons elſe could vanquiſh any one;

Moral. Your Reaſons, what? for Writing *Pro* and *Con*?
For altering former Scrolls in later days,
And Preaching on one Text two different ways?
Theſe are the Reaſons that you ſhou'd have ſhown,
And not for Swearing, that's already known.

Paſt. My Vindication then you think a fault;

Moral. Faith it 's ſo dull, it is not worth my thought.
You by the Town were counted weak before,
For giving any Reaſons why you ſwore.
And whoſoe're bad Reaſons worſe defends,
Rather than gain, does often loſe his Friends.

Paſt. Did you find nothing there that could ſurprize?

Moral. Yes, twenty Thouſand ſtrong Tautologies,
To make the Treatiſe ſwell to twelve pence price,
The Convocation-Book to Atoms torn,
The Caſe 'twixt Princes made, and Princes born,
With *Jaddus*, *Jehu*, *Joaſh*, *Athaliah*,
Extend the utmoſt Bounds of your *Sophia*.

Paſt. What you think Sophiſtry in my Intent,
Is proper to the Rules of Argument;
For if we Hiſtory ſhould ceaſe to quote,
To vindicate the paſſages we wrote;
Our Propoſitions would be ne're approv'd,

And best the Reader's Understanding mov'd.

Moral. For all your quoting and industrious pain,
I find your Writing not a Jot more plain;
Unless you would our Approbations raise,
For Torturing one poor word ten Thousand ways;
As lately you have us'd the *Conjuration*.

Past. That Secret should be publick to the Nation
That more than Sacred Book first made me Wise,
Reliev'd my Conscience, and unseal'd my Eyes;
Inform'd my Soul what I before ne're heard;
And taught my Feet the Path to be preferr'd:
Instructed, and with Influence Divine,
From Fortune's Ills secur'd both me and mine.
This caus'd my Reverence of it, besides Fames
Extollment, and the Credit of King J——s,
Who took peculiar Notice of the matter,
As I have quoted from the * Observator.
From which fam'd piece my first good hint did come;

* *Vid. Num.* page 14.

Moral. You might as well have had it from *Tom Thumb*.

Past. Thus when ill Arguers in Topics fail,
The humour turns, and they begin to Rail.

Moral. No, I can rather laugh at what you say,
And your quotation with derision pay.
He that can slip so many Authors o're,
So fam'd for Controversies learned Power;
Who Reason to her highest Throne do'th lift,
To stoop so low and make so poor a shift;
As well may Scribble in the second place,
The Legend of the Scots from *Chevy-Chase*;
Or through the World the business of each State,
From the mean trifling heads of a *Gazett*.

Past. Your Criticisms I oft have weigh'd before,
But can have Patience; pray go on, what more?

Mor. The next that from my Spleen did Laughter draw,
Is your *Ridiculous Jargon* about Law;

As

As for Example, *Legal powers declare,*
That powers with Law-concurring Legal are:
But then there are ſtrange different kinds of Law,
Which not confirm'd, whoever Legal ſaw:
And when we ſpeak of Law and Legal Powers,
Unleſs we know what Law that Law aſſures,
We never ſhall from thence Concluſions draw,
Nor Judge of Legal powers from powerful Law.

Paſt. As you have made it, 'tis ſtrange Stuff indeed,
You've quite exchang'd my Flower, and brought a Weed.

Mor. If with this Senſe you think to baffle ours,
And your Tautologies muſt paſs for Flowers,
Take this as from a Friend, where e're they grew,
'Tis the worſt Noſe-gay e're deck'd your Pew.

Paſt. True Controverſie in each Line appears,
And every Paragraph ſound Judgment bears.
There are more Notions then the Caſe does need;

Mor. 'Tis true, much more then any one will read:
Unleſs he'll ſit ſix hours to doze and pore,
And be as Wiſe juſt as he was before.
For in Opinion almoſt all the Nation
Agree, it ne're was Writ for Confutation;
But for the Profit as the Sale begins,
To make your Court, and treat your Spouſe with Pins.

Paſt. Your Railery turns Spite and Nonſenſe now,
That I can Argue, all the Town allow.
And tho my Logick bears too deep a Senſe,
It will Confound, if it can ne're Convince:
Diſpute's a Gem to which I've long pretended,

Mor. Defending too; what cannot be defended,
Is equally your Talent; for let him
That e're had Senſe and Reaſon in Eſteem
Turn o're the Pages, and obſerve each place,
'Twixt your ALLEGIANCE and RESISTANCE-Caſe.
And let me be the Idiot of the Nation,
If e're he thinks 'tis fit for *Vindication.*

Paſt.

Paſt. Always one Tone is an ungrateful hearing.
Mor. 'Tis this I ſtrike at, I ne're mind your Swearing.
Paſt. Already I have ſtated plain my Caſe,
I wrote according to the Time's Diſtreſs;
Perhaps my Judgment was erroneous too.
Mor. Right, and perhaps it is erroneous now:
Our Souls meen while are in a happy Station,
To fix on what you preach for our Salvation;
The Canons of our Church too well are known,
Tenets and Methods are too plain ſet down,
To cauſe Miſtakes in a fair ſhiny Day
In him, who long has travell'd the ſame way;
And if baſe Int'reſt like a Cloud comes on
To ſhade that Light which like a Planet ſhone:
The Caſe is obvious, and muſt be thought
Not as the Doctrin's, but the Doctor's Fault.
Paſt. Self-preſervation the great Law of Nature,
Gives us a fair Excuſe upon this matter,
Which at all Seaſons will not let us do,
Nor write the things we yet confeſs are true.
Moral. How much beyond you were the Ancients then,
When th'Sacred Prieſthood, thoſe Immortal Men,
Rather than from their pious Morals ſwerve,
Would die a thouſand Deaths, burn, hang and ſtarve,
Firm Conſcience truſting in their great Creator,
Thought preſervation the worſt Law of Nature;
But ſome of you think to attone for ſins,
You muſt your ſelves indulge, and ſave your Skins:
Let's pleaſe our ſelves, ye cry, whilſt we're alive,
'Tis our beſt Moral to ſubmit and Thrive.
Paſt. Tho 'mongſt the famous Ancients ſome there were
That did their Martyrdom with Glory bear;
Tho ſome diſdain'd a King or Conquerors Frown,
Others there were that did Allegiance own,
And like me to ſubmit, themſelves diſpoſe,
When e're they found 'twas ſenſeleſs to oppoſe.

So *Jaddus* in his Pontificial Robe,
The Conqueror having half ſubdu'd the Globe,
His Glittering Mitre veil'd, and Homage paid,
Nor more his late unhappy Prince obey'd;
But Worſhip gave, as all the reſt had done,
Like a true *Perſian* to the Riſing Sun.

Mor. Tho with the Brave that gain'd but ſmall eſteem,
The Caſe is ſomewhat more excus'd in him;
Since in a Viſion at his time of Need
Th' Almighty told him how he ſhould proceed:
Sacred Decree! the Action did allow, *Vid. Vind. page 20.*
And Providence in Whiſpers taught him how,
From whoſe Commands Obedience right he knew.
Did any Saint deſcend to whiſper you?

Paſt. Tho Angels mix not with our human Life,
Yet I had Whiſpers too.

Mor. From whom?

Paſt. My Wife;
Sweet as when Beauty did at firſt appear,
A Thouſand Charms were ſounding in my Ear;
Her cloſe Endearments all my Senſes fir'd,
Her Tongue, her Touch, her every part inſpir'd;
Nor Could I ceaſe, but muſt in Judgment joyn,
Crying, ah Love, my Senſe and Soul is thine!

Mor. And ſo this Fondneſs and uxorious Paſſion
Produc'd your Reaſons firſt, then *Vindication*:
Hot Blood in Nonage of our Time may rage,
But ſhould methinks be calmer at your Age;
For ſure a Man of Learning and of Wit,
That had been bred at wiſe *Gamaliel's* Feet,
Should well have weigh'd the Cenſure of the Town
On his firſt Error, e're a ſecond ſhown;
And not in tedious Proſe unprofitable,
Fit only to amuſe and doſe the Rabble;
Publiſh a Jeſt to all the Men of Senſe,
And banter thoſe it never can convince.

The wiſe Theologiſt half angry now,
Was anſwering ſharply, when the Maid below,
Inform'd him in the Room that's next the Street
Rogers ſtaid for him to correct a Sheet;
The Bus'neſs of Importance well he knew,
And from his teizing Diſputant withdrew:
But how the reſt o' th' the Argument went on,
In the next Section ſhall at large be ſhown.

The End of the Firſt Section.

THE

THE MORALIST.

The Argument of the Second Section.

The Paſtor whips the Vicious Age,
And to a pious Life directs;
The Moraliſt diverts his Rage,
And th' Errors blames of differing Sects.

SECTION II.

AND now the Diſputant with ſpeed return'd,
Whilſt Glowing Rage within his Boſom burn'd,
Which tho he ſtifled to appear more wiſe,
The ſtrugling Flame yet ſparkled through his Eyes;
Perplex'd to ſee his blunt Antagoniſt
Againſt him thus in Argument perſiſt;
And now perceiving that he had miſtook
The Text, in Vindication of his Book,
Thought it the wiſeſt way to ſhift the Scene,
And tune his Mazor on another Strain,
T' attack his Oppoſite; and thus begins
To diſcipline with pious Rage his Sins.

Paſt. In coveting the Name of *Moraliſt*,
Your mean Thoughts of the Prieſthood is expreſs'd,
Partly through Ignorance, and partly Pride,
Your own Opinion excels all beſide;
And tho' 'tis rather Atheiſtical,
Then tends to true Morality at all,
Since you uſurp that Title for no Cauſe
But thoughts that in our Doctrin you find Flaws,
Which though is as erroneous as your Senſe,
And th' Wiſe or Pious never can convince;
Yet the bare Name you think will win the day,
And the weak Judgment of the Vulgar ſway,
Whilſt the mean time 'tis only a Diſguiſe,
To cover (to the Church) your prejudice.

Mor. You vainly now your Breath in Error waſte,
I have no Prejudice, tho ſome diſtaſte,
Receiv'd from ſome Opinions lately found,
Whence I perceive you daily loſing Ground:
To ſtick to Morals then moſt ſafe muſt be,
When Paſtors Juggle with Divinity.

Paſt. What you call Jugling is no worſe Offence,
Then that our Doctrin does not ſuit your Senſe;
Vice in your depraved Hearts ſo rooted is,
That even deſpairing of Eternal Bliſs:
To carp at Trifles you take each occaſion,
And th' only Reaſon is your Reprobation;
And tho upon a Title you inſiſt,
And guild the Atheiſt with the Moraliſt;
Were your Offences throughly underſtood,
I doubt there's little Room for Moral Good.

Mor. Kind Charity becomes a Churchman ſtill.

Paſt. And too much, gives Encouragement to ill;
'Tis oft our Charity that whets your ſpite,
And makes you think that we our Duty ſlight;
Unhappy Times!

When

When ſuch as ſcarce are fit to be call'd Men,
Bruti∫h, and grown degenerate with ſin,
So learn'd in all Hell's Catalogue of Ills,
That no new Miſchief can corrupt their Wills,
Should purge our Souls, and teach the Prieſthood Grace,
When in their own no goodneſs e're took place,
And if I ſaid were Reprobate, 'tis true.

Mor. And Reprobate they may be ſtill for you,
Converſion lately takes ſo ſlow a courſe,
They have no Will, and what you teach no Force;
The Fault is ſomewhere, you are learn'd and wiſe,
Your Cauſe ſo good it cannot want Diſguiſe,
General your Knowledg, and your Method rare,
And have the Knack of Preaching to a Hair;
And yet 'tis thought by more than half the Nation,
That you have lately loſt ſome Reputation.

Paſt. Some few ill-wiſhers to the Government,
That ſhew their ſpite.

Mor. No, ſomething elſe is meant;
Their common Intereſt that Thought controwls,
It moſt be ſomething that concerns their Souls.

Paſt. The Care of Souls claim'd my ſereneſt Thought,
Whom with my utmoſt Skill and Senſe I taught;
Nor ſurely was my Labour ill beſtow'd,
Since to Salvation is one common road,
Where when Mortality does trudge along,
Faith and good Works can never guide us wrong;
This daily was my Theme, this ſtill I teach,
This Text with Candor and good Conſcience Preach,
And by this Tenet all that err convince.

Mor. But will you hold this Tenet three years hence:
If Heaven thought fit to make a Change again,
Would you not waver in another Reign;
As late you have ('tis thought) from th' Churches Rules,
For Intereſt ſake, and to confirm us Fools.

Who

Who to your Principles did Altars raiſe,
And eccho'd what you taught in former days.
Paſt. My Judgment in the Function of a Prieſt
Takes off deſire of Worldly Intereſt;
A ſimple plainneſs, and a Soul ſincere
In my Converſe and well-ſpent Life appear;
The Vulgar talk indeed of my great hopes,
Of Myter'd Crowns and Pontificial Copes,
As if my beſt Celeſtial Thoughts could prize
The gilded Traſh of ſublunary Joys;
But dimly do their Eyes my Heart behold,
Or ſee my ſcorn of Wealth, my hate of Gold;
And till my Pen has fix'd me in this ſtate,
'Tis vile to ſay it does prevaricate;
Let me the Honour, e're they rail, receive,
When it does happen I can give 'em leave.
Mor. 'Tis thought indeed you aim at Dignity.
Paſt. Meer ſpight, I find your Aim is not at me
Alone, but at our whole Fraternity.
Mor. You know I have denied that once before,
My Satyr Laſhes none becauſe they ſwore,
But as I found baſe Gain their Senſes lead,
For that convinc'd, more than the Book you read;
The Sacred Sons of true Divinity
Untouch'd, ſhall always be rever'd by me;
But where I with a pamper'd Prelate meet,
Contriving Treaſon without fear or Wit,
That to promote Rebellion ſhall be drawn,
And in the Nations Ruin ſtain his Lawn;
That ſhall pretend the Apoſtles to ſucceed,
Yet follow 'em in no one vertuous Deed,
In Prayer unweildy, and too fat to Preach,
Neglect his Function Politicks to teach,
State-Butcher turn, endeavouring all he could
His hapleſs Country to involve in Blood.

A Reverend Hypocrite, whoſe Sighs and Tears,
Staining the Awful Sacred Robe he wears,
As Perjur'd *Sinon* the *Trojans* did of Old,
Poys'ning the Crowd with hopes of Fame and Gold,
Shall wiſh his Country to a Tyrant ſold.
When ſuch a Sanctity in Maſquerade
Is found, and to the Nation publick made,
The Ephod, and the Sattin, that before
Adorn'd the Fiend, ſhall be in pieces tore;
Whilſt o're his Head its laſh the Satyr rears,
And th' abus'd Croſier breaks about his Ears.

Paſtor. Where ſuch you find, your worſt abuſe is right.

Moral. Or where I ſee a Canting Hypocrite,
With whites of Eyes turn'd up, and ſneaking Tone,
Haing and Humming like a Bag-pipe Drone,
That Nonſence ſhall for three long Hours rehearſe,
And Divine Worſhip turn into a Farce.
That ſhall like *B—gis* in the Pulpit ſay,
Where are my Pretty Ladies all to day;
In Bed I warrant, Sluggards as they are;
Oh fie upon't, would I were with 'em there,
I'd read a Lecture ſhould their Zeal renew,
And make them mind the Church more than they do.
Then round the Room, his Gogling Eye-balls throw,
Whilſt ſtiff Devotion warms him from below.
Monſters like this who can forbear to hate,
Or if I find 'em meddling in the State,
And ſteepled Churches to their Tribe run down;
Becauſe the Houſes were they Cant have none:
Offend true Doctrine with malicious Harm,
And rail at Orthodox religious Form;
Contemn the Law, and the Church Liturgy
Call by the hated Name of Popery,
And by the Curſe of ſtubborn Will increaſe
Vile Faction, and diſturb the publick Peace,

Till Ruine does their Native Land o'reflow,
And private Fewds ingenders common Woe;
On ſuch as theſe the Laſh ſhould reach the Blood.
Paſt. 'Tis equal Reaſon, and I own it ſhould.
Moral. Or if I ſee a Crew of ſullen Brutes,
In Wiſdom Idiots, and in Action Mutes;
That ne're can vent Abhorrency of Sin,
Till the Spirit firſt is conjur'd from within;
But being mov'd with horrid Tone ſhall gabble,
And with incongruous ſtuff amuſe the Rabble;
For ſimple plainneſs greedy to be priz'd,
Tho nothing elſe but Villany diſguis'd,
And ſneaking Phiz by Nature ſtigmatiz'd.
For ſhould Court Honour ſend her proud command,
Or Profit beckon with her golden Hand;
The groaning Saint ſtraightway a Fiend appears,
And Hells broad Mark upon his Forehead wears,
Almighty Gain his Reaſon does trapan,
Gain charms both inward and the outward man;
And Honeſty is always valued beſt,
When moſt concurring with their Intereſt:
Intereſt the ſupream Bleſſing of their Souls,
That even the Joys of Providence controuls,
Provokes the Spirit, rarifies the Sence,
Enlightens ſome, and others does convince;
For this they cheat, lye, ſnuffle, pray and cant,
This hour act *Belial*, and the next a Saint;
To laſh this Tribe Heaven does my Muſe inſpire,
And moral Juſtice knots the VVhip with VVire:
For tho Religion is ſincere and plain,
Their comick Methods are abſurd and vain.
Paſt. All this is right, and Praiſes ſhould belong
To ſuch ſound Truths, if from another Tongue;
But who Inſtruction can from you receive,
That weighs well how licentiouſly you live;
Your erring Soul o'regrown with Vanity,
Ruin'd, does like unweeded Gardens lye,

Choak'd

Choak'd with Impiety and rank Offence,
The Tares once ſown were never weeded thence;
What Vice is extant that you have not known?
Whoſe Crimes more vile and numerous than your own:
In all the deadly Catalogue, who e're
With weighty Sins had Burdens more ſevere;
How then without a Bluſh, a laſting Red,
Our little Venial Crimes can you upbraid?
Which ſeem, if with your own you them diſplay,
But as a drop of Water to the Sea.

Moral. I own the Errors of my Human Nature,
And know ſome of your Tribe are little better;
Only your Envy, Avarice, and Pride,
Under the black Robe you may better hide,
And open Crimes have ſtill a leſs degree,
Than thoſe hid under baſe Hypocriſy.

Paſt. Then you believe your ſelf a *Moraliſt.*

Moral. That I pretend to't ſhall appear in this,
Juſtice and Honour with regard I prize,
And Virtues Laws have ſtill before my Eyes;
And tho Offences cannot be withſtood
By the frail Government of Fleſh and Blood,
Yet Reaſon daily glittering in my Sight,
Still makes me take in Folly leſs delight.
I would not wrong my Neighbour of his Coin,
Nor with the Tyrant in oppreſſion joyn;
Th' unhappy Poor I would not rudely treat,
Nor let vain Pride affront the Man of Wit:
Purſue my Foe with an unmanly Hate,
Nor to be great, be factious in the State;
Rebellious Tenets too I would not try,
Nor ſwear to things I could not juſtifie:
My Oath as ſacred to my Soul ſhould be,
As my Devotion to the Deity;
And ſince Regard which to my Soul is due,
Muſt principally be conſider'd too,

To my Creator with an awful care,
I would confeſs my Sins, and pay my Prayer;
Reflect on the frail Bliſs of mortal Station,
And never ſeek by Praxis for Salvation.
Humanity is frail, your ſacred Gown
In all Obedience I allow and own;
Revere the Morals of the pious ſort,
And take their Counſels with a thankful Heart,
But ſince the general Error of Mankind,
As well your Tribe, as ours, may chance to blind,
Since you but weakly can your ſelves defend
From Vices, which you dayly reprehend;
I muſt believe an Intereſt may be made
In Heaven, and Souls be ſav'd without your Aid.
Paſt. Without all ſcruple, moral Vertue is
A great ſtep to the Souls immortal Bliſs;
But why you ſhould believe our help to bring
You there, [illegible] unneceſſary thing,
I can't imagine, if you don't confeſs,
'Tis done to make the Prieſthoods fame the leſs,
For when by Heavens decree, Prieſts firſt were made,
'Twas doubtleſs thought, ſome Souls might want their aid.
Moral. The Brood of Prieſts firſt were of *Aarons* ſtrain,
Their Sence refin'd, their Doctrines wiſe, and plain,
A Soul might reach Seraphical degree,
Without being banter'd by ſly Sophiſtry.
What once they preach'd was Orthodox they knew,
No Convocations lack'd to prove it true,
But ſolid Reaſon guiding their deſigns,
Inſtructed all and made 'em true Divines.
Paſt. Are they leſs skilful then, in theſe our days?
Moral. Yes, if 'tis true, what half the Nation ſays.
Paſt. The People ſtill have ſome by-ends for Railing,
Some other Sect that hopes to be prevailing,
In expectation to exalt their own,
Unite their Force to throw our Fabrick down.

Which

Which yet will hardly fall at their command,
Some Pillars yet have ſtrength enough to ſtand,
And the high Building firmly will ſuſtain,
Spite of the Power that would the Conqueſt gain.
Of Jarrs, and Civil Strife, this is the Cauſe,
'Tis this our Country to its Ruine draws;
Moral. If th' Church occaſions this Inteſtine Rout.
Pray grant me then, to ſave my Soul without,
If from your Tribe, inſtead of Righteous Peace,
Curs'd Feuds and Animoſities increaſe;
If ſtill about your Worſhip, and your Forms,
The tortur'd Nation is Involv'd in Harms;
And proud Preheminence is ſtill the thing,
That to us all does this Confuſion bring;
Which tho it ſhews much Malice, and more Pride,
The Jarring Party never can decide,
I think to ſtick to true Morality,
As precious a Soul-ſaving Grace muſt be:
And I, as ſoon to Heaven, may find my way,
As if I fram'd my Heaven from what you ſay.
For Doctrine, oftentimes Erroneous is;
Faith and good Works are certain Rules to Bliſs.
Paſt. Your Argument, becauſe it looks like Senſe,
May tempt the Rabble, and much ill commence;
And Atheiſtical Opinions be,
Drawn from your Tenets of Morality.
For if the People, what you ſay, ſhould own,
'Twould be a means to cry our Function down:
Thus he that ſtiles himſelf a Moraliſt,
Will vilely think he does not need a Prieſt,
And argue why our Stipends he ſhould pay,
Since he to Heaven has found an eaſier way.
Moral. To hinder that, take heed ſtill what you do,
Look what you Preach, and what you Write, be true.
Be not to Pride nor Avarice inclin'd,
But give a good example to Mankind;

Conſider you are always look'd upon
With more regard than any other Man,
And any Vices that appear in you,
Look much more Horrid than in us they do.
But above all, Write leſs; yet if you cant
Forbear, tho now you no ſuch profit want,
For our Inſtruction, henceforth, uſe your Pen,
And if you'd rank amongſt the Prudent Men,
Ne're try to *Vindicate* your laſt agen.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT

IS only Neceſſary, at preſent, to let the Reader know, that tho the Moraliſt makes bold to Cenſure a certain Learned and Religious Paſtor, for waſting his precious time, about the worſt piece of Work (as moſt People believe) that ever he took in hand, yet I muſt inform him, it was not the only Reaſon for ſetting his Morals againſt the others Arguments; nor, indeed, could that alone, give cauſe enough for the ſolid deſign of Morality, tho it might, for matter of Diſpute and Argument. But to deal Genuinely, there was a double reaſon for Writing this Satyr, firſt meeting with the Vindication of ſome Logical, Divine, and Hiſtorical Tracts, at firſt ill enough Stated, and then worſe Reſolv'd; eſpecially by leaving the main matter unanſwered, of which that Author is principally Accus'd, viz. *The reconciling the* Caſe of Reſiſtance *with the Caſe of* Allegiance. *And in the ſecond place, having the Misfortune, lately, to obſerve ſome, who pretend to be Sons of the Church of* England, *ſo Negligent of their Duty, and Careleſs of their great Office, that they are rather fit to be expoſed as Scandals to their Holy Mother, than to ſerve at her Altars; particularly one, that I am ſure will find himſelf out when he views this Page, and whom I could Uncaſe like a Rabbet, and ſhew his Hypocriſie bare and naked to the World, if the reſpect I had for ſome*

others